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Little One



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Chapter 1 by Kawaii_Potato

I sigh as the harsh wind makes my light pink hair come out of its messy bun and fall haphazardly on my shoulders. 'Just when i'm going to work too' I think bitterly as I try and put my hair back in its bun. I look around the empty street i'm at to see if I could use anything as a mirror. Seeing a store window, I hurry over to it and fix my bun.

As i'm walking away I hear a cry coming from behind the glass. Curious I look behind the glass to see a crying baby. Startled, I try to find a way to get the baby out the store.

Chapter 2 by Jazzy_girl22



The store looked abandoned and old. I carefully stepped over broken glass and old merchandise. I slowly crept around the corner and saw the baby sitting there looking alone and scared. I cradled it in my arms and walked back through the front. I called my boss and told her I was sick. After I hung up the phone, I walked back to my apartment and sat the baby down by my bed. I looked around my house for a new blanket. As soon as I unwrapped the baby a note was written on the blanket. It read: "I know what you're thinking, what mother would leave there baby behind. I didn't have the money to take care of him so I thought he deserved someone

better. His name is Bruer. Take good care of him.

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Chapter 2 by SaintSavaku

Oh, I wouldn't be taking care of him. I'd be dropping him off to the orphanage as quickly as possible. It would be cruel to prolong his stay.

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here - I had no experience with children, no time to spare, and very little desire in the first place to have a baby of my own. Stereotypical as it was, my career came first and foremost.

I cradled the child. I didn't care what the note said. There were so many churches around that breaking into a store to place a child seemed more like an easy excuse for theft than the genuine care of a baby.

Chapter 4 by 154.-



I looked into Bruer's deep, brown eyes. He looked back at me, smiled. I smiled back.

"You'll enjoy the orphanage," I said, "I did. Lots of children to play with." He grinned again - a smiley child, this Bruer, I thought - understanding. I stuck my finger out, he took it and we shook hands mutely. I held him gingerly, and walked to my car.

"Fuck," I swore, "I need to find a baby seat."

A quick glance at my phone, balancing Bruer in my other arm, revealed that I knew no-one who would possibly own one. As much as I hated the bus, the cloying stench of sweat lingering around me for hours after I got off, that seemed to be the only option.

I sat as people moved around me, giving Bruer sidelong glances. I could feel them thinking - but he's so white? Is that really her baby? Maybe she stole it... I sank back into my chair, hugging Bruer against my chest. An old man approached me.

Please let him move past, please let him move past, I thought as I moved my bag off of the seat beside me.

He sat down with a mild groan. He seemed much smaller close up, and I smiled up at him.

"Cute baby," he remarked loudly. "Reminds me of someone."

I froze. What if he knew Bruer? I thought back to the events of the morning. It sounded

unbelievable, even to me. Even if I told him my story, he wouldn't believe me. He continued to peer short-sightedly at Bruer.

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"That baby," he remarked, "is uncanny."

The whole bus looked up, their heads whipping around to face me.

Chapter 5 by farmerjump1



All of this sudden, 100 ninjas bursted out of the ceiling and started attacking us. Before I could do anything, the baby got up and started fighting them! Every single ninja was lying on the ground, groaning. The baby grabbed my hand and flung me out of the window.

Chapter 6 by Emily



Wow....

So how did I not hear this could happen! So, we were out of the window, and I was all... Flabbergasted, really! People were staring at me, being pulled along by a small baby with cheeky brown eyes. I blushed, and huddled him into a large carrier bag. (Well, it was all I had on me.) So now the workers in the office I live near are muttering, and I feel like a rat, such a horrible person. I have to hold my head in the air and try to walk on, the tears welling in my eyes. we turn the corner, dropping into an alleyway I don't think I have ever seen before. Then the police came...

Chapter 7 by 154.-



They tugged and pulled at me, ripped Bruer away. Shoved me down to the floor, pulling their guns on me. My face was pressed into the gravel, blood running down my face from the tears in my skin it was creating.

"I was going to take him to the orphanage," I whisper, but no-one hears. They wouldn't believe me if they had heard. I don't believe myself. Why didn't I take him to the police in the first place? His chestnut eyes had entrapped me.

They dragged me back up, my head snapping back. Pushed me into the car roughly. My breath was catching in my chest, I could not stop wheezing. Tears mixed with the blood. All I could think about was Bruer's tiny screams as they pulled us apart. Not even 24 hours together, and I

already loved him fiercely. Fiercely enough to drag myself away from the car, pull Bruer away from the blue uniforms holding him. I could hear the sirens pounding in my ears, red and blue light chasing, because Bruer would be safe with me. He liked me.

And I loved him.

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